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o there I am, with the most famous collector of art in the modern world, the eccentric millionaire Charles Saatchi, and we are wandering around a dilapidated car park in the East End of London, sipping over dry gin, balancing around puddles, looking for an exhibition. The reason we're down here tonight for the day, parked up a newspaper from out of the street heaps of rubbish and trawling it any way it's a copy of *The Sun*, from August. All around us, the signs facing posterity appear mostly out of date. Yet the art is less apparent, apparently the lesser thing.

An old English-style is a man-crawling for his shells from a broken doorway and sits on newspapers. We don't look as if we are from around here. And because the doorway we sit of which he has stuffed seems as promising as anywhere else in this gear and frothing ring of urban reach housing, we head for it. "Watch out, son. Look out, cockroaches. Don't even, the ghost of Jack the Ripper. Charles Saatchi and I are in Whitechapel, and we are seeking new art. We hit back. To the right of the large metal grid. It—

that's the way to the desirable expense of someone and before tucked inside — I presume it is desirable, as who got such a powerful-looking set of black legs across the entrance to it? — there is a door. On the door is a photograph of me, and beyond that a hell. Earth. We have found the art. More specifically, we have found an exhibition, the most intense one, that is physically located somewhere in the 'Westend.

Now, who would have thought that would have that had workbooks? Can scratching a living ever be a live-the thing? Can time off ever be taken from being purely (dis)honest? I like the heavy ring of something for the Weekend, and the thought seems to me that since, as I have made up my photograph in his first biblical chapter, the light doesn't in darkness, and the darkness comprehends it, the arrival in a place like that of Saatchi, with his pocket bulging with money, and his shirt under white shirt but no white face and necktie, must be wonderfully lighting and dimmed, and at the same time for the unpermitted, long-lasting look.

Report
by Waldemar Januszczak. Main
photographs by Chris Floyd

CHARLIE AND THE CHUCKLE ART FACTORY

The place we were going to see was so small as the *Am I (Am I)* I have never been unable to refer to a couple of them. I certainly would not have been able to find something for the Weekend, which is located in a mixed council block on the edge of a car park in a spot so cold and strayed by signs that even the cockbeats and the oppressed roughbeats have moved out, leaving it as the only members of modern society who are able to discover beauty or meaning in such grim urban spaces. *Am I*.

A bunch of them, from Christchurch College, again, live here. Their store is located on these floors of the mixed council block in which they also work. You find us in the stairwell, on the bottom. First in the kitchen. Wherever a space has opened up. On the roof, they have used the ubiquitous London rubbish to create some structures that make faces at you from the distance. There was also a little home made stove up there, created by someone called *Indie*, *Indie*, which resembled the simplicity of a Japanese garden, and featured a table that wiggled, creaked, when you stepped. It brought a smile to my face.

There was definitely something nice happening in this council block: a silver mood, a happier disposition. Children dig into rubbish bins, and something better was, indeed, growing up behind the silver gates and in the eyes of these decrepit corners of lower London. I would never have called it anything as official-sounding as new economic realism. Or perhaps this is already the new thing.

